

THE PORTAGE SENTINEL.

"OPPOSITION TO TYRANNY, IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD."—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

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The Portage Sentinel.

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[BY REQUEST.]

Simple, Touching, Beautiful Lines.

The New England Dialect gives its readers the following beautiful Stanza, which were suggested by hearing read an extract of a letter from Capt. Chase, giving an account of the sickness and death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown Owen, who died on his passage to California. We have seldom met with anything so painfully interesting in every line, and it will be read with "teary eyes" by many who have lost brothers, fathers, husbands or sons on their way, or after having reached the land of Gold and of Graves.

Lay up, nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence smooths my fever,
When thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your berth,
For my form will soon be lying,
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,
I have something I would say
Ere the veil my vision darkens,
And I go from hence away,
I am going, surely, going,
But my hope in God is strong,
I am willing, brother, knowing,
That he doth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I may one day meet him,
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother, (God assist her,
Now that she is growing old,)
Tell her child would glad have kissed her,
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my will I'd speak of now,
Tell, oh tell her, how I missed her,
When the fever burnt my brow;
Tell her, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten,
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as when last I held them,
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And He never will forsake her,
For He said so in his Word.

O my children, Heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me,
Would I could once more caress them,
Ere I sink beneath the sea;
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were I'll not tell,
But I have gained an orphan's portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sister I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
By the thoughts their memory stirred;
Tell them I ne'er recede the haven,
Where I sought the "precious dust,"
But I've gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urgo them to return an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there;
Where, by means of true repentance,
They'll secure for each a share.
Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking,
'Tis, I know his voice so well,
When I am gone, oh don't be weeping,
Brother, here's my last farewell.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CHAMPION.

A Romantic Tale in Spanish History.

The clang of arms and the inspiring sounds of martial music resounded through the courtyard of the palace of Navarre.—The chivalry of Arragon, Castile and Navarre had assembled at the summons of their sovereign, to fight under his banner against the infidels, and now waited impatiently for the moment when the monarch should mount his gallant steed, and lead them to battle and to victory.

Sancho the Fourth was at that moment bidding farewell to his queen, the gentle Dona Nuna, who clung to her lord in agony of tears.

"Be comforted, my beloved," he said to her; "I shall return to you with added laurels to my kindly wreath. Do not fear for me, nor let your sweet face grow pale by brooding over the dangers and chances of war. For my part, I never felt more exulting anticipations of success, and am persuaded that triumph and victory will crown our undertaking."

"Alas! it is not so with me," said Nuna, sadly. "A presentiment of approaching peril weighs heavily on my heart."

"You shudder at the thought of our separation, Nuna, more like a timid young bride parting from her newly-wedded lord, than a matron who has shared her husband's joys and sorrows for well-nigh twenty years."

"You are now far dearer to me, Sancho, than when I gave you my hand: have I not to thank you for the love and tenderness which have made these long years of wedded life so blissful and happy?"

"In sooth, I believe, Nuna, it is even so; and you love me as warmly as ever. Receive my assurances in return, dear wife, that your face is as fair to me, and the gift of your true heart as fondly prized, as when I first led you to these halls, my youthful and beautiful bride. But suffer me to bid you farewell, for my nobles will wait impatiently. I leave you to the society of our son, and the guardianship of my trusty Pedro Sese, who will attend to your best interests. One word more, I entrust to

your safe keeping my beautiful steed, Ildorim. You know how I value the noble animal, my first capture from the Moor. See that he is carefully tended in my absence: I shall accept it as a proof of your regard for my wishes. And now, adieu, dearest wife. Think of me, and supplicate heaven that I may be speedily and safely restored to your arms."

So saying, Sancho the Great, tenderly embraced his wife, and mounting his war-charger, placed himself at the head of his gallant army. The clatter of horses' hoofs soon died away in the distance, leaving the court yard of the castle in silence and gloom.

Three days after the king's departure, the young Don Garcia entered the courtyard of the palace of Navarre.

"Pedro Sese! Pedro Sese!" he cried, "my noble Arab El Toro, lies dead in a cleft of the rocks: I have returned to seek another steed for the chase; such a boar-hunt has not been seen among the forests since the Pyrenees echoed the horn of Roland: give me forth black Ildorim, Pedro, my friend; saddle me my father's charger, for there is no other steed in the king's stables worthy of the hunt of to-day!"

"Don Garcia," replied the master of the horse, "black Ildorim is only for the king's mounting, I dare not saddle him for any other."

"But the Infante commands it—the king that is to be."

"Chafe not with a faithful servant, Don Garcia; it is but yesterday I refused the same request of the bastard of Arragon."

"What darest thou compare me with the base-born Ramiro? Insolent! I shall bear my complaint to the queen."

To the queen Don Garcia bore his complaint and petition:

"Oh, my mother, wouldst thou see me dishonored by a menial? Am I not thine only son, the rightful heir of Arragon, Castile and Navarre! Who may command here, if I may not? Assert my authority, then, and on the false Pedro Sese, that he give me forth black Ildorim."

"Pedro Sese has faithfully discharged his duty to my lord the king, who enjoined on him and on me the safe keeping of his favorite horse," said Dona Nuna. "The royal stables are open; take, my son, any other steed, but leave black Ildorim till thy father's return."

"Nay, by heaven and by the saints, I will have black Ildorim to ride this day, or I will have vengeance!"

The headstrong youth returned to the courtyard, and again demanded the steed; again the master of the horse refused.—Don Garcia, pale with concentrated rage, sprang on another of the king's chargers, and galloped from the palace. Instead, however, of returning to the hunt, he urged his horse into the *desamparado*, or open plain, lying to the south of the castle, and disappeared on the road to Burgos.

Time passed heavily, in her lord's absence, with the gentle Nuna. At first she received frequent and joyful tidings of the successes which crowned his arms, and the brilliant victories gained by his forces over the Moslem army. Of late, and since the departure of Garcia from the castle, Sancho's affectionate despatches had altogether ceased; and Nuna, now thoroughly wretched, from the wayward perversity of her son, and from uncertainty as to her husband's fate, had prepared to rejoin him at any risk, and share the perils to which he might be exposed.

Her resolution was no sooner formed than it was promptly carried into effect: she summoned to her aid the trusty Pedro Sese; and, protected by a small escort under his command, bade adieu to Navarre, and commenced her long and perilous journey towards the theatre of war.

The little cavalcade had reached Najarra, when, to their surprise and joy, they beheld a gallant band of horsemen rapidly approaching: the united banner of Arragon, Castile and Navarre floating proudly before them, announced to all beholders that Sancho the Fourth led his knights in person.

Nuna's heart beat fast and tumultuously; in a few moments, and the long absent one would clasp her closely to his breast. She looked up to the master of the horse who rode by her side, and urged him to increase speed. They moved briskly forward; and the advancing knights who formed the king's body-guard became more distinctly visible. Sancho, as we have said, headed them; but as soon as they had arrived within a short distance of the queen's followers, the monarch advanced a few paces, and in tones of thunder called on them to halt. His brow was darkened with evil passions, his countenance flushed with anger.

"On the peril of your allegiance!" he shouted, rather than spoke, "seize the traitress, I command ye! My heart refused to hearken to the tale of her guilt, even when spoken by the lips of her son; but mine eyes have seen it. I have lived—wretched that I am to witness her infamy. But the adulteress, and the companion of her crime, shall not escape my righteous vengeance. See to it, that the queen and Pedro Sese remain your prisoners."

If a thunderbolt had fallen at the feet of the miserable Nuna, she could not have been more horror-struck, or more confounded. Her life-long dream of happiness was dissipated; the husband of her youth had recoiled from her as from the veriest reptile that crawls on the face of God's earth; and the worker of her woe and ruin was her own child—her own flesh and blood—her son Garcia! Who would believe her to be pure and innocent, when such lips pronounced the tale of her guilt? Unhappy wife; still more unhappy mother!

In the deepest dungeon of the castle of Najarra she was left to mourn over her unparalleled misery. Alone, unfriended, and solitary, Nuna—who so lately had been herself a beloved and cherished wife, a fond mother, and a mighty sovereign—struggled with her bitter and mournful reflections. She could not reproach her hus-

band, for she felt that his ear had been poisoned against her by an accuser he could scarcely mistrust, even by the insinuations of her son, confirmed—as he deemed them to be—by the evidence of his senses—when he met her so unexpectedly traveling under the escort of Pedro Sese.

But short space was left to Nuna for these agonizing thoughts. Death, a shameful death, was the punishment of the adulteress; but Sancho, more merciful than she had dared to hope, had granted her one loophole for escape—one slender chance of proving her innocence. The lists were to be open to any champion believing in the lady's guiltlessness, who should venture his life in her defence. If any such should proffer his services, he might do battle in single combat with her accuser. God—according to the belief of those days—would give victory to him who maintained the truth!

The fatal day approached, arrived, and had well nigh passed. Garcia, unopposed, bestrode his war-steed, the redoubtable black Ildorim, whose possession he had so eagerly coveted, and purchased at so fearful a price. The discomfited queen, in conformity with custom, was placed with in sight of the arena, tied to a stake, surmounting what would prove her funeral pile, if no champion appeared on her behalf, or if her defender should suffer defeat.

Who can paint the agitation of Dona Nuna, thus placed within view of the lists, when the precious hours passed, one by one, and no champion stood forth in defence of her purity and truth? She was about to resign herself hopelessly to her inexorable fate, when the sound of a horse's tramp was heard, approaching at a rapid pace; and a knight in complete armor, mounted on a charger, whose foaming mouth and reeking sides told that he had been ridden at a fearful pace, dashed into the lists, flung down his gauntlet of defiance, and announced that he was come to do battle in defence of the falsely-accused, but stainless and guileless queen.

There was an involuntary movement among the assembled multitude, when Garcia prepared for the inevitable encounter. None knew, or could guess, who the knight might be. No device or emblem, by which his identity would be discovered, could be traced on his helmet, or on his shield; but the ease with which he surmounted his steed, and his graceful and gallant bearing, evinced that he was an accomplished warrior.

In a few seconds the preliminary arrangements were completed; and, with lances in rest, the opponents approached. In the first encounter, to the amazement of all, Garcia was unhorsed, and fell heavily to the ground.

"She is innocent! she is innocent!" shouted the multitude.

"God be praised! though I have lost a son," was the subdued ejaculation of the king.

"I am prepared, in defence of the much-injured lady, to do combat to the death," said the stranger knight. "Case and dastardly villain! confess thy unnatural crime, or prepare to meet me once more, when I swear I will not let thee escape so slightly."

Garcia hesitated; he was evidently torn by conflicting emotions. Conscious guilt—fear of the just retribution of heaven, executed by the stranger's avenging sword—urged him to confess his villainy. On the other hand, apprehension of the execrations of the multitude, and the indignation of his injured parents, restrained him from making a frank avowal of his crime.

"Remount, miscreant! and make ready for another encounter, or confess that you have lied in your throat," exclaimed the stranger, sternly.

Before Garcia could reply, an aged and venerable ecclesiastic threw himself between the opponents.

"In the name of heaven! I command ye to withhold from this unnatural strife," he exclaimed, addressing them; "brothers are ye; the blood of a common father flows in your veins. Ramiro—forget. Garcia—the combat this day has testified to your guilt; make your only atonement—a full confession."

Ejaculations of astonishment and pity burst from all the spectators: "Long live the noble bastard! The base-born has made base the well-born! The step-son has proved the true son! Praise be to the Virgin, the mother of the people has not been left without a godson to fight for her!" And all the matrons, and many even of the hardened warriors among the multitude, wept with tenderness and joy.

In a few moments, the agitated queen found herself in her husband's arms. He implored her forgiveness for the sorrow she had endured, nor could she withhold it, even for a moment, when she listened to the avowals of the degraded Garcia, who confessed how, step by step, he had poisoned his father's mind by tales of her infidelity, in revenge for her refusal, and that of Pedro Sese, to entrust him with Sancho's favorite charger, black Ildorim.

Nuna turned from her abject son, and motioned her young champion to approach. He knelt at her feet.

"Ramiro," she softly said, as she clasped the helmet and visor which concealed the handsome features of Sancho's illegitimate son; "child of my affections, for whom I have ever felt a mother's love, though I have not born for thee a mother's pains—how shall I thank thee? Thou hast this day more than repaid the tenderness I lavished on thy infant years. Thou hast made clear my fair fame to all men, even at the risk of thy own young life."

"I would lay down life itself for such a friend as you have been, and esteem the sacrifice light," rejoined Ramiro, with deep emotion. "Remember my childish days—before you came to Navarre, a bright, happy, innocent bride—when I wandered through my father's palace, an unloved and neglected boy; and I can recall vividly the moment when you first encountered me, and struck by the resemblance

I bore to the king, surmised the truth. Instead of hating me with the unjust aversion of an ungenerous nature, you took the despised child to your heart, and, for the love you bore your lord, you loved and cherished his base-born son. For the genial atmosphere you created around me, and which my affections expanded, and for the care you have bestowed on my education, I owe you a debt of gratitude far deeper than ever child bore his own mother. Nature dictates maternal love, in the one instance—but it is to the suggestions of a generous and noble heart that I have been indebted for the happiness of my life. You owe me no thanks—for, such a friend to sacrifice can be too great."

Nuna turned to the king, and taking his hand in hers, placed it on the head of her young champion. "I have brought you kingdoms as my dowry," she said, "but I have hol, alas! brought you a son so worthy as Ramiro of being your ruler. I freely forgive the Infante the suffering he has caused me, and hope that, with advancing years, he will cultivate the virtues in which he has shown himself to be deficient. But Ramiro has already given evidence of the possession of those exalted qualities which ensure the happiness of a people, when possessed by their rulers. Invest him, then, at my entreaty, with the crown of Arragon; receive back to your confidence our faithful Pedro Sese; and suffer me to forget my past griefs in the anticipation of a love which shall never again be interrupted."

The king raised his hand in assent, and the assembled multitude confirmed the investiture with one mighty shout—"Ramiro! Ramiro! long live Ramiro! Infante of Arragon!"

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

A happy little incident, trifling, perhaps, except to the few who participated in it, occurred the other day in this city, and which we relate, not so much in the hope of making an unbelieving world wiser, as to make the believing few better.

Reverence for the dead has been a characteristic of mankind in all ages of the world—costly monuments, statues, slabs and graven monuments on the most durable material, everywhere attest this fact.—What living person has not treasured up some trifling article worthless to all but his possessor and good for nothing to him, except to awaken recollections which time, in its chances, might blot out? But after all, this homage of affection is not designed to be paid to the senseless dead, but to the spirit of the departed whose continued existence is acknowledged in these very acts, and whose power to recognize such acts is in this candid and serious manner most solemnly admitted. Not to the mortal remains, the lifeless body, are these memorials given, but to that immortal, never-dying part which thinks, wills, remembers, and reasons as when coupled with the flesh.

But a change has come over the feelings of many of these latter days, in regard to the propriety of thus honoring the dead. No costly monuments or pompous funeral arrays can benefit their being. They ask no sacrifice like this from us. Our duties and our charities are with the living. It is well to take a thought of that time when our earthly interchanges of sentiment will be intercepted, the gratulations of friendship cease, and this breathing frame inanimate and cold, but laid where it can mingle with its native dust, but the slight memorials that may remain, and the few who may remember and grieve, must soon follow, and the thronging multitudes of earth will move on indifferent to the life is gone, as the mighty forest to the fall of a single leaf.

Then why not dispense with all useless ceremony, all costly tomb stones, and other mockeries of grief, and lay our bodies by as we would old clothes, the used and worthless habiliments of the spirit.

This brings us to our story. Whosoever visits our beautiful Cemetery on the Sabbath day, will find throngs of our citizens in attendance among the tombs. Among the crowd the other day, there happened to be Dr. W. and his lady, accompanied by Mrs. Fish, the celebrated Spirit Medium. The first group visited, was that of the Doctor's two little daughters, buried some years ago. They had lain without any special memorial to their remains, but affection, the frequent visits of the parents had effectually marked the spot, to them at least. The company had not halted but a moment, and were discussing the propriety of inscribing something more public to their memory, when the well known Spirit Raps were heard. It was a call for the alphabet, and in answer to the question, "What shall be written on your tomb?" the following sentence was spelled:

"A MEMENTO SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE YOU LOVE."

The company tarried a while, and as night was approaching started to leave, when the raps were again heard, and the following tender apostle spelled out:

"GOOD NIGHT DEAR FATHER AND DEAR MOTHER."

This so overcame the parents that they fell to weeping, and again the little raps called for the alphabet. This was an unexpected scene and an untold place. Mrs. Fish, who with tears in her eyes and a trembling voice repeated the letters of the alphabet, and the following sentence closed this grave-yard interview:

"YOU MUST NOT WEEP FOR US, DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—WE ARE VERY HAPPY."

To the uninitiated in spiritual mysteries, and to the uneducated in the new theory, this will appear like a fairy tale; "the Greeks foolishness, to the Jews stumbling block," but to the real believers in this doctrine, it will be like manna in the wilderness, and to them we dedicate it.

The Western papers say that the Mississippi has raised one foot. When it raises the other, it will probably begin to run.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND HER TREASON.

ANOTHER BROADSIDE FROM GEN. SAM. HOUSTON.

WASHINGTON, March 8, 1851.

Sir: Your public letters addressed to me through the newspapers, and dated at Boston on the 23d ultimo, are entitled to a brief reply. I entirely agree with you that there is nothing in our present personal relations which should engender unkind feelings or awaken buried contentions. My former letter was not dictated by such influences, nor shall this be in the slightest degree tinged by such smoldering animosities. The past is ended. I do not wish to reanimate the strife of other days between us. Now circumstances have arisen, and new duties are imposed upon us all. The present and the future afford abundant material for the exercise of all our ability and the stimulation of our patriotism. To these high considerations let us now turn.

My former letter adverted to one written previously by you, suggesting certain movements to be made in Virginia. I deemed your suggestion injudicious, and some of the reasons given for them un sound, as well as the remedies proposed, ill judged and needless. I referred to yourself and to South Carolina incidentally and with no purpose to disparage the merits of either. I no doubt observed that South Carolina had been for a number of years mutinous and dissatisfied, and seemed restive under the proper restraints of the Union and the constitution. Upon a fair construction, my remarks imports nothing more. This you choose to interpret into a general assault on the good people of South Carolina, and come forward, with all the industry and ingenuity of a lawyer filing a special plea, to defend them by "items," to the number, I believe, of seven, specifying their blood, their hereditary glory, their revolutionary services, their gallantry in the war of 1812, and with Mexico, and their civil and political claims to the honor and gratitude of their country. To all these warm and zealous commendations I might content myself with pronouncing *amen*. No man—not even yourself—entertains a more profound respect for the revolutionary heroes and survivors of the State of South Carolina than I do. Her Marions, her Sumters, and her Haynes, with a thousand other less distinguished, but not less deserving, I have venerated from boyhood as the companions and co-laborers of Washington, and I shall despise myself when I cease to honor their memory, and to feel grateful for their patriotic devotion to the cause of their country.

Many of her gallant sons too, are entitled to all the credit you claim for them in the wars of 1812, and with Mexico. She has produced statesmen also of the most eminent worth. Of all the men in the world, I trust I shall be the last who would pluck a leaf from the laurels that adorn the brows of either her statesmen or her warriors.—No, God forbid! I hope they may flourish more luxuriantly as time hallows their proud names, in the Pantheon of their country's benefactors. But this is not the point at issue between us. It is whether South Carolina has not been, ever since the days of nullification, uneasy complaining, and seeking for pretexts on all occasions to disturb the tranquility and harmony of the Union. Has she not played the part of a vixen in this confederacy for the last twenty years? What great measures of public policy has she supported? What has she not opposed? She has, it is true, been in the Union, but not of it. She has sedulously inculcated the notion that the federal constitution is a galling yoke; that it is becoming too grievous to bear; and that she is, "biding her time" to cast it indignantly off, and annul the "bargain."

This is her position; this has been her course. Such was the invariable line of policy adopted by Mr. Calhoun; and while he lived, he and South Carolina were synonymous. He never rose to speak in the Senate in any other strain than that of denunciation or prophetic ruin. I make these remarks in no spirit of hostility, but far more in "sorrow than in anger." He slights with his fathers; he and his public acts are a part of his country. As such I speak of them, and I hope without offence.

I do not, of course, object to your historical derivation of the "noble breed" of the people of South Carolina. The "Huguenots and Cavaliers" no doubt were a spirited and high-mettled race of men, in both lines of descent, and would be likely to leave the impress of their characters upon their children. Still less am I disposed to dispute the fact stated by you that there is a good deal in the blood of men as well as of horses; but you know as well as I do, that almost as much depends on *training as blood*. You might have bred Flying Childers or Eclipse for a day-horse; and what then would have been his chance for immortality in the annals of the turf? Men may degenerate or misapply their energies to bad uses. Even the aspiring blood of Lancaster has *sunk into the ground*; and so may it be in the South Carolina. I fear she has been the last of the Romans. The giants that once gave dignity and influence to her name—the Pinckneys, the Laurenses, and the Lowndses—where are they? Echo answers, *Where?* We ask for their successors, and we are directed to the tombs of these departed "Huguenots and Cavaliers." Yes, the race of such men in South Carolina is extinct.

I might inquire if I was to be querulous, in what respect the first settlers of South Carolina, were superior to those of Virginia, Maryland or Pennsylvania, North Carolina, or the Puritans of New England? Were they wiser, more patriotic, or religious? Did they display a greater wisdom in founding their government, or higher gallantry in defending it from savage or civilized aggression? Where are the nobler monuments of their arts and sciences, of their political foresight, of their courage and constancy in the cause of freedom? I would raise none above them, but by what

right do you arrogate this preference of "gentle blood" in their behalf? You say you are better than I," exclaimed a rough old hero: "prove it." This will be the answer of every American to this South Carolina exaltation. You speak of battles of the Cowpens, Eutaw, and Camden, as it all the glory belonged to South Carolina. She deserved well. But did not the skill and bravery of Virginians, and Marylanders, and citizens of other States, shine as brightly there as her own? Did not their blood flow as freely? And when South Carolina crushed and overran by the insistent foe, was struggling in his grasp, did not the brave men of the other States rush to her rescue, and nerve the hearts and strengthen the arms of her own chivalrous sons to redeem her from the vassalage of the Rawdons and the Tarletons of British tyranny? While you invoke justice for South Carolina, you should render it in return. There is one significant fact, which should be stated in speaking of South Carolina, that throws a flood of light on her political character and institutions. Her constitution is obviously fashioned upon an aristocratic model. The people, as such, have very little control of affairs. No man can vote who does not own fifty acres of land or the equivalent, or pay a high tax. No man can be a member of the legislature whose freehold is not worth one hundred and fifty pounds sterling clear of debt. The elections are all confined to members of the legislature. That body elects or appoints all officers of any grade, from the governor down to the sheriffs and parish judges. The legislature elects the Senators of the United States, electors for President and Vice President of the United States, and can change or amend the constitution when it sees fit. The government is a complete oligarchy—even more so than Rhode Island under its royal charter. One of two facts must be evident: the people have no genuine spirit of freedom, or they would not have submitted so long to this oppressive dominion of mere wealth.—In no other State would it have been tolerated so tamely. In Rhode Island they have turned when trodden upon, but in South Carolina they seemed to wear their chains without a murmur. And yet these self-consistent leaders of her councils have the cool impudence to designate others as "submissives." These descendants of the Huguenots and Cavaliers have peculiar notions of freedom—precisely the notions that would fit them for a snug little monarchy, if they could nullify the laws and constitution of the federal government, or secede from the confederacy. This state of things clearly proves that of all men in the world, the good people of the Palmetto State are the best adapted to faction and discord. The legislative body is omnipotent. It can do very much as it pleases, and hence where so few are to be consulted, action is speedy and united. A man who enjoys their confidence and who possesses ability, ambition, and energy, can sway and direct them with as absolute certainty as the Emperor Nicholas can his ministers. Such a man is in fact a dictator to all intents and purposes, and can say as the French monarch did, "I am the State." I do not know that any such man now lives in South Carolina. There may be many aspirants for the honor, but there is no arm left that can "wield the sword of Richard." The hope of the nation is, that these candidates for the dictatorship will prove a check upon each other, and use in mutual broils the daggers that were ready to aim at the heart of the federal Union.

You venture to assert that no dissatisfaction has been manifested against the recent nullifying act of Vermont in that State.—do you not know that a democratic State convention has been held which condemned it in the most emphatic terms, and many respectable whigs have united to this condemnation? You say, too, that I am a bad prophet, when I expressed the belief that such a case as that of Crafts and his wife will never occur again in Boston. And pray, what are the facts? The Crafts case passed by with scarcely an effect on the public mind. The late case has aroused the deepest indignation, called forth an appropriate proclamation of the President, and led the city authorities of Boston to resolve that such outrages shall not be perpetrated hereafter without being arrested or arrested by her own officers. Is not this gaining a most manifest advantage? It insures the faithful execution of the fugitive slave law in Boston. On this foundation I am willing to rest my claims to be regarded as a true prophet in my predictions in this instance.

There is one point upon which I am happy to agree with you in opinion cordially, and in all respects; and that is in your estimate of the *abolition agitators*.—I cannot conceive a more base and atrocious spirit than the one that actuates these wicked incendiaries. They are ready to plunge the South into all the hopeless horrors of ruin and bankruptcy, read asunder the bonds of the Union, and involve the whole country in the terrific train of evils that would result from a bloody civil war; and all this for the purpose of righting fancied wrongs of the negroes, who are quite as well situated as most of themselves. Such wretches are beyond the pale of common humanity, and should be judged by the laws that regulate the case of pirates—the common enemies of the human race.

I agree with you likewise that the Union cannot be preserved by singing hymns to the Union, if the principles of the constitution be violated and disregarded. To preserve the Union we must adhere to the federal constitution in its true design and spirit. We must regard it not as a sword to be used against any, but as a shield to guard the rights of all. To attain this end was the great purpose of its founders, and we must purify it, to maintain it, by fire taken from the altar erected by their hands. Slight differences of opinion upon its construction ought not to be allowed to weaken or delude the instrument itself in the

eyes of the people. It should not be lightly and flippantly denounced and disparaged, as seems to be a favorite system with the South Carolina school of political regenerators. This practice has had taste as it does want of patriotism. Men who pursue this course may be honest, but it is a species of honesty not far removed from treason. Let me assure you, in conclusion, General, that you are in error if you suppose that South Carolina has inherited any "keek institutions," "public spirit," "honor or courage," that now place her in advance of her southern "confederates." In all these high qualities, they are her peers.—You must look for different spirit of influences from these to account for her present position. The foregoing remarks in this communication afford a partial explanation. It is not for me to predict whether your gallant State will advance boldly or "retire gracefully," or whether her banner shall be borne aloft or "lowered"; these are grave considerations for you and the rest of her sons. But I will hazard this opinion, that the child has not yet been born in South Carolina whose eyes will behold any other banner than that of the glorious stars and stripes of the Union floating from the flag-staff of Fort Moultrie.

Thus much have I thought and written, and having no personal feelings to gratify or interests to promote, I here close the correspondence on this subject. I cannot imagine any cause that can arise hereafter to induce me to prolong it. I have said more than I intended to when I began; but I felt it to be due both to the people of South Carolina and myself to exposit my former letter from all design to assail their character, or to undervalue their public services. I this, I trust, I have successfully done.

With consideration of the kindest regard, I am your friend and obedient servant,
SAM HOUSTON.

To Gen. JAMES HAMILTON, of South Carolina.

Just Judgement.

Last fall we gave an account of a most brutal outrage near Wilmington, (Clinton county, Ohio, by which a poor man was murdered in the presence of his wife, by some persons whose wealth and position made them presuming and tyrannical. The facts were these: A laboring pair had judgment obtained against him for a small amount which he paid all but the cost, amounting to about \$2.50. On that sum execution was issued, and some standing corn sold, improperly, it was said, to a person by the name of Robinson. The debtor gathered and cribbed the corn after it had been sold. Two of the Robinsons a constable, and some six or seven other persons went after night to bring away the corn. They were met at the barn by the debtor, and for a while a struggle ensued, but the party commenced taking down the bars to let in the wagon they had with them, when the poor man told his little son to go and bring the axe, whereupon he was set on by the party, knocked in the head and kicked to death in the presence of his wife and children. The axe who hit him on the head fled, and has not been retaken; the constable has since died of a crushed airt; four of the others were tried last week and found guilty of manslaughter. One of the Robinsons was sentenced to nine years of hard labor in the penitentiary, another Robinson to seven years, another of the party to five years, and a fourth to three years. They were started off the next day for the penitentiary and served the afternoon of the same day in the penitentiary; where it is hoped they will remain, without Executive clemency, every day of their sentence. Three others remain to be tried.

As the parties are wealthy, we suppose the widow will recover full damages for the loss she has sustained by the murder of her husband, at their hands. We hope as with all our heart.—*Cin. Eng.*

Improved Printing Press.

A small model of an improved printing press has lately been deposited in the Patent Office, at Washington, by the inventors, Mr. Hathaway, a printer, and Mr. Stippel, a machinist, of Norfolk, Va.—They have applied for a patent. The Washington Republic says:

"There are many points in this invention which claim originality; but its principal feature, and which alone will recommend it for general use, consists in the great economy of machinery. The Napier, with its heavy cylinder, railway, cog-wheels, &c., costs the average cost of which exceeds \$1,400; at last met by a rival, 'stripped for the race,' with one-third of the machinery, simple in construction, perfect in regularity of movement, for the sum of \$500. The average speed is one thousand sheets per hour, two persons being required to work it. Possessing a half rotary movement, it can, however, be worked with ease by one person, at the rate of 500 sheets per hour.

"Bruce & Co., of New York, some time since, offered a premium of \$500 for the best and cheapest improved printing press; and Messrs. Hathaway and Stippel, we learn, are constructing